

A South-Sea Ballad,

Or, Merry REMARKS upon

EXCHANGE-ALLEY BUBBLES.

To a new Tune, call'd, *The Grand Elixir, or the Philosopher's Stone Discover'd.*

1.
IN London stands a famous Pile,
And near that Pile an Alley,
Where merry Crowds for Riches toil
And Wisdom stoops to folly.
Here sad and joyful, high and low,
Court Fortune for her Graces,
And as she smiles or frowns, they show
Their Gestures and Grimaces.

2.
Here Stars and Garters do appear,
Among our Lords the Rabble,
To buy and sell, to see and hear
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
Here crafty Courtiers are too wise
For those who trust to Fortune;
They see the Cheat with clearer Eyes,
Who peep behind the Curtain.

3.
Our greatest Ladies hither come,
And ply in Chariots daily,
Oft pawn their Jewels for a Sum,
To venture't in the Alley.
Young Harlots too, from Drury Lane,
Approach the 'Change in Coaches,
To fool away the Gold they gain
By their obscene Debauches.

4.
Long Heads may thrive by sober Rules,
Because they think and drink not,
But Headlongs are our thriving Fools
Who only drink and think not.
The lucky Rogues, like Spaniel-Dogs,
Leap into South Sea Water,
And there they fish for Golden Frogs,
Not caring what comes a'ter.

5.
'Tis said that Alchemists of old
Could turn a Brazen Kettle
Or Leaden Cistern into Gold,
That noble tempting Mettle;
But if it here may be allow'd
To bring in Great with Small Things,
Our cunning South Sea, like a God,
Turns Nothing into All Things.

6.
What Need have we of Indian Wealth
Or Commerce with our Neighbours,
Our Constitution is in Health,
And Riches crown our Labours.
Our South Sea Ships have golden Shrowds
They bring us Wealth, 'tis granted;
But lodge their Treasure in the Clouds
To hide it till it's wanted.

7.
O Britain! bless thy present State,
Thou only happy Nation,
So odly Rich, so madly Great,
Since Bubbles came in Fashion.
Successful Rakes exert their Pride,
And count their airy Millions,
Whilst homely Drabs in Coaches ride,
Brought up to Town on Pillions.

8.
Now men, who follow Reason's Rules,
Grow fat with South Sea Diet,
Young Rattles and unthinking Fools
Are those that flourish by it.
Old musty Jades and pushing Blades,
Who've least Consideration,
Grow rich apace, whilst wiser Heads
Are struck with admiration.

9.
A Race of Men, who t'other Day
Lay crush'd beneath Disasters,
Are now by Stock brought into Play
And made our Lords and Masters.
But should our South Sea Babel fall,
What Numbers would be frowning,
The Losers then must ease their Gall
By Hanging or by Drowning.

10.
Five hundred Millions, Notes and Bonds
Our Stocks are worth in Value,
But neither lie in Goods or Lands,
Or Money let me tell ye.
Yet tho' our Foreign Trade is lost,
Of mighty Wealth we vapour,
When all the Riches that we boast
Consist in Scraps of Paper.